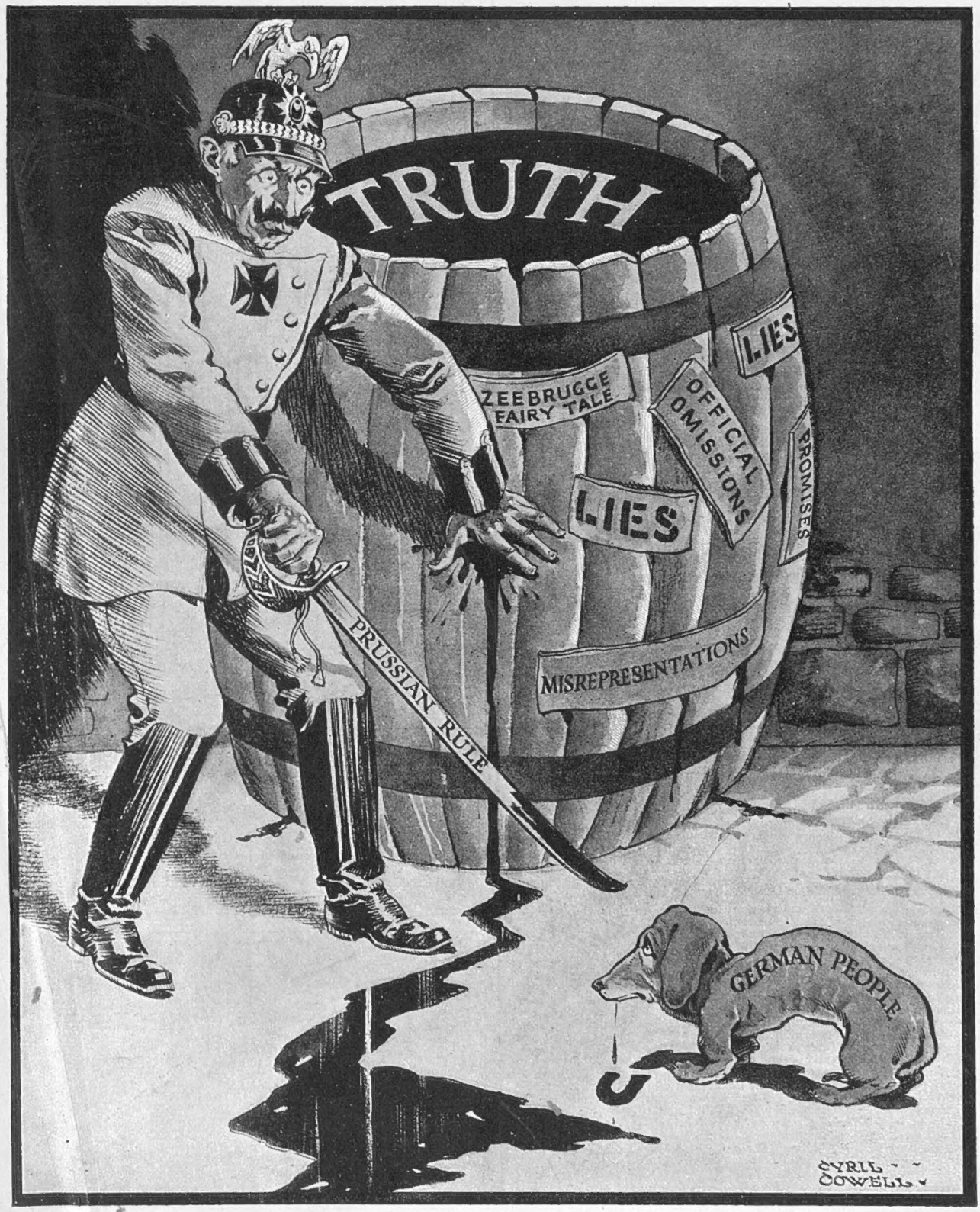
The Bystander, May 29, 1918.—No. 756. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER



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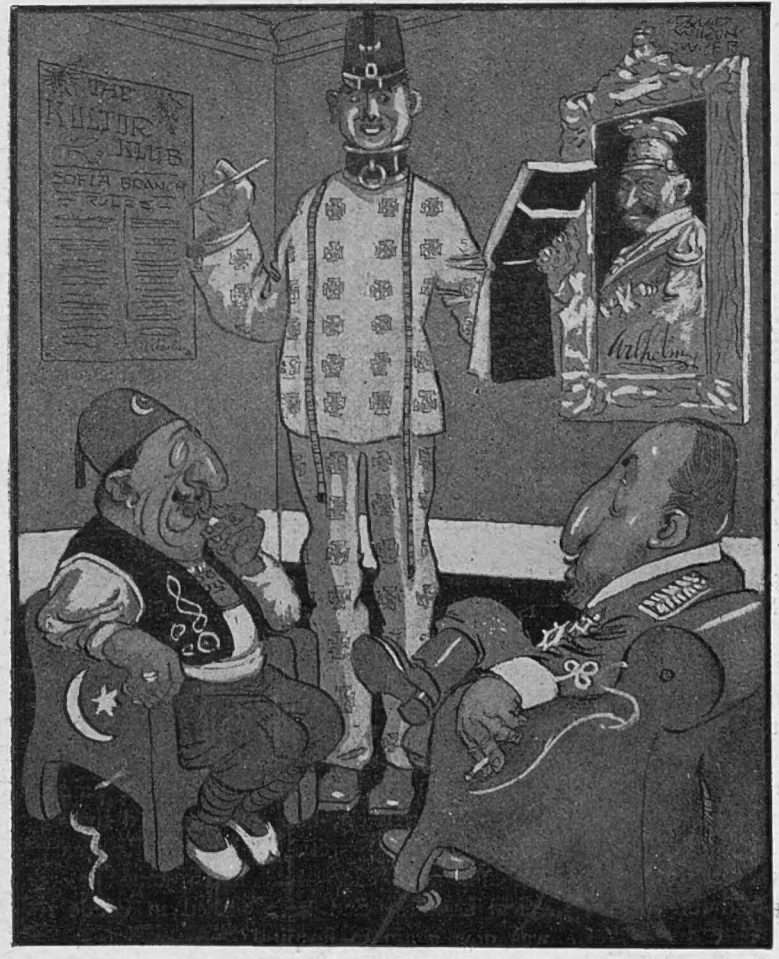
BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

At Last

LAST week everybody waited for the blow that didn't fall till Monday. And everybody sought reasons for it not falling. The generally accepted one was that our air activities had been so successful in disorganising the movement of troops and of transport that the enemy were still not ready. And now that the attack has come, it may well be that our airmen may render invaluable aid to the defenders in the trenches. It would not be surprising in the near future if bodies of attacking troops are outflanked and isolated by their work. Our defences are ready; and perhaps the Germans will regret that they did not content themselves with the easier job of cutting up Russia, where they seem to be carrying out the Roman motto, "Divide et impera," with some success.

Ireland

NOTHING astounds Ireland more than the obvious. Ninety-nine out of every hundred average men would have thought of nothing else but locking up the Irish rebel leaders, and they would have done it months ago. And now that it has been done disloyal Ireland is paralysed in amazement. But what of the Bishops who are still in their palaces, and who, now that their dupes are under lock and key, must start afresh with their Kaiser's job?



KARL: "I come to you, my friends, from Wilhelm. He wishes me to measure you both for a suit just like my new one. *And* collar!"

Once Bitten—

BUT a short time has passed since there was another Irish rising that was not nipped in the bud. English soldiers were shot down, but what matter? While their blood lay on the stones England's then Premier went over to "conciliate." Many of those who had been arrested then were sentenced to long imprisonment; but "conciliation" secured their early release. And many of these same released persons have been arrested once more for playing exactly the same game. "Conciliation" has made a laughing-stock of us. Let us have no more of it.

One Day's Earnings

I HOPE the appeals made by the War-Savings Committee to the public on Empire Day to take their earnings for that day and lend them to the country met with the success which they should have commanded. But they would certainly have been even more successful if the Government had not for long years snubbed and thwarted every effort of those patriotic persons who wanted to make Empire Day a national festival—to teach, in fact, the Englishman (and especially the English child) that he belonged to an Empire and that an Empire belonged to him. The "Little Englanders" have a lot to answer for.

Luxuries and How to Know Them

THE report of the Luxury Committee will create intellectual excitement and possibly a hurricane of protests. After all, one fellow's luxuries are another's necessities. Silk pyjamas and silk hats I will cheerfully forego, and any excuse that is given me to continue to wear nice, comfortable, baggy old clothes I shall be grateful for. But, of course, it is the women who will squeal. And so many of them should! The amount of money that some women are squandering on showy trash is outrageous. If everything in excess of a living income or wage were compulsorily paid in War Loan the problem would be solved at the source.

Personal Luxuries

OF course, all our luxuries are not material. There are men and women amongst us whose acts and utterances we could fairly do without. Would it not be thoughtful to tax the Kaiser-loving Archbishop of York? If he really must say these stupid things why should he not pay super-telegraph rates (a pound a word) for them. On the same

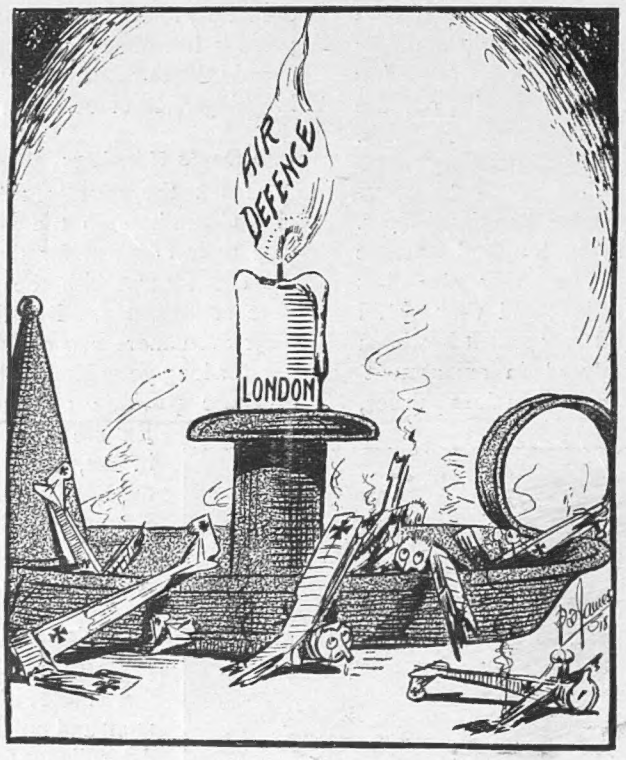
(Continued on page 360)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

basis we might do quite well with some of our M.P.'s, whose speeches would at least be costly if never intelligent. Then, again, why should not the advertising hangers-on of Society tot up a tenner every time they squeeze their names into print? Meanwhile, Horatio at so much an adjective, with a super-tax on split infinitives, would become an Empire asset. Personally, I should like to run this Luxury Committee myself. I could make a lot of money for the State and add vastly to the comfort of life.

"If There Were No Atmosphere"

THE *Pall Mall's* expert—perhaps the same who gave us such valuable information about the long-distance gun—has been at it again. This time on "Bombs, and How They Are Dropped." After detailing how the bomb in its fall at first moves forward in the direction in which the plane is flying, he profoundly remarks: "If there were no atmosphere the bomb would strike its target at the same moment the aeroplane reached directly overhead of the target." Leaving on one side the charming diction of this statement, would it be rude to inquire how the aeroplane would reach a position over its target "if there were no atmosphere"? Not that it would matter much to us (being the target) "if there were no atmosphere," for no bomb worries the dead. But we are grateful for these lucid explanations, though, in this particular case, they leave us a little—breathless.



"WE ARE SEVEN"

"What? No Racing?"

THE War Cabinet having decided that racing must be limited to Newmarket after May 31, and the Jockey Club having agreed to comply loyally with the Governmental decision, we may look for one of the brightest racing seasons of the war in what is left of summer-time. There is no dodging the fact that the racing of the past three seasons has been watched principally by Service men on leave and convalescent wounded. Another fact that cannot be denied is that "the breed must be maintained." But the most important fact of all is that the protagonists of uninterrupted racing have fared much better, in their protagonism, since the State set up its own stable than ever they did before, and nobody who has watched each summer's "No Racing" announcements will for a moment imagine that this latest edict will hold good any longer than did its precursors.

A New Means of Transport?

IF economy and efficiency propaganda were handled half as 'cutely as is the defence of the sport of kings and lather-boys, we should perhaps be no farther from the end of the war than we are. I saw a camel (or dromedary: it had two humps, but I'm never quite clear about those beasts) being clipped in the Haymarket last week. It may have been one of the "properties" from His Majesty's Theatre, but as I had just read this "Newmarket Only after May 31" pronouncement, I could not stifle a little wonder as to whether or not some enterprising fellow had not imported a few hundred "oonts," to be used to take trainless and carless racegoers down to what might, if one ever took any notice of Governmental decisions, shortly be their only thing approximating Mecca. A camel ride to Newmarket would be rather fun, and so far one has heard nobody suggest that camels should be controlled.

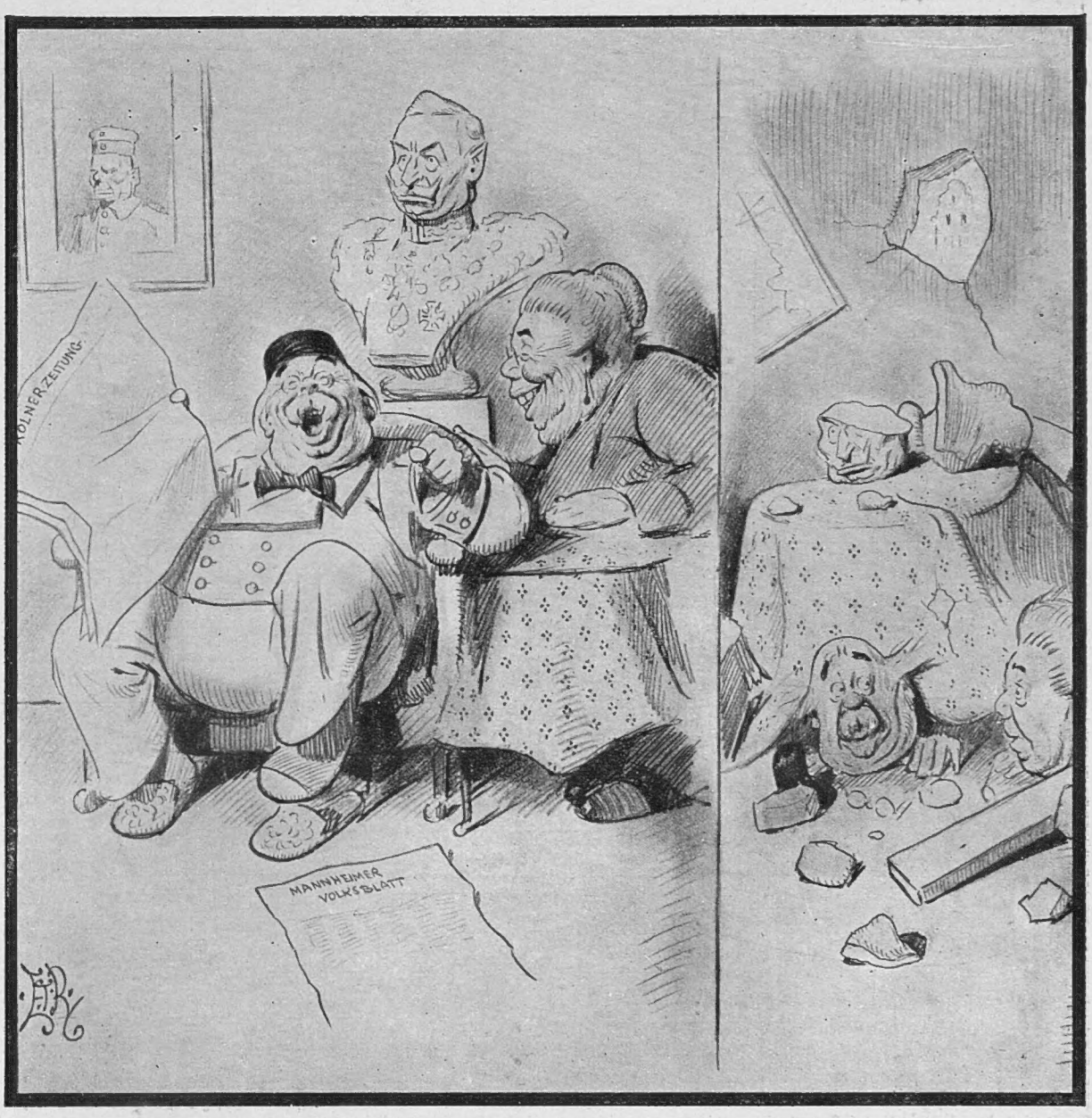
The Contemplative Intellect

EVER since I saw kinema pictures of Mr. Asquith gambolling about the turf, getting a crick in the neck as he watched airmen doing stunts, I have had a warm corner in my heart for the chief of "the Old Gang." The seriousness with which he scorned to take a mere war too seriously endeared him to me no end; and now the coolest student of what's doing will get a little inspiration from noting the subject of the Romanes lecture Mr. Asquith is booked to deliver at Oxford on June 8, *videlicet*, "Some Aspects of the Victorian Age." If that does not indicate a truly Georgian aloofness, I'm a neutral! And if the lecture habit grows, one may look to see Mr. Lloyd George holding forth at Criccieth on some such topic as "Birds in Their Little Nests," or "The Greatness of Offering the Other Cheek."

Those Medical Boards!

"HIS medical history, as read by Sir Donald, showed that he was 38 years of age, delicate, flat-chested, short-sighted, with an internal squint, very little sight in the right eye, a large varicocele on the left side, and a tendency to rupture." That recorded, you will not be shocked to hear that this one man, in his time, had played a muckle pairts. He had twice been a C3, had been rejected by the Volunteers, sent into hospital, and then—not weary of well-doing, poor chap—had again gone before the medical assessors and been placed in Grade 1. "He was now again in hospital."

The Mentality of Mannheim



HERR DUMMKOPF (*enjoying the doings of the Gothas*): "Ho! ho! ho-o! Zese schwein-dogs of Englisch, und zeir vifes und chiltren plown all to bieces! Ja, ja, id iss unteniably a characteristic Cherman humor-piece!"

THE SAME (*when the Royal Air Force is overhead*): "Gott in Himmel! Zese efil-minded prutes—to go drobbing pombs on in-nocent beoples! Id iss apsolute mur-der! Vat iss ze goot of ze 'Cheneva Gonvention' if such adrocities are bermitted?"

Otherwise a First-class Fighting Man

THE National Service official said that one might go to an eminent specialist in Harley Street and get an opinion entirely different from that of another equally eminent specialist. That is so. The varying categorisation of the unhappy fellow mentioned suggests that he might make a first-rate airman. Or, on the other hand, he might cost the State hundreds of pounds per annum without ever being able to sweep out a mess-room with real *élan!* But what has Harley Street to say?

Germany's Petrol Tank

HAVING sorted his rock garden out of the second-best spare bedroom and signed his damage claim with something approaching a flourish, the sadly-dented Briton may occasionally wonder where Hansel gets his petrol for these raids. Gothas be thirsty birds, lapping up motor spirit at something like a gallon per minute spent in the air. That's so: and as we were credibly assured two years ago that they had no more petrol, rubber, copper, or money, from just exactly what are the brutes distilling the "juice" that sends a score of bombers hurtling on their little joy-rides? Can it be that they hubble-bubble, toil and trouble from the copious supplies of gravel recently—and still—shipped to them by those excellent fellows the Dutch? Germany's petrol supplies petered out at about the date that her man-power became so badly thinned-out—when she had no soldiers left but Baby Buntings and Rip Van Winkles. On the principle of giving even the Kaiser his due, one must confess that the Hun still does a lot of mischief, bereft as he has for so long been of petrol, and men, and things!

"Die-Hards" Off Duty

Official Photograph

A battalion of the Middlesex Regiment (the famous "Die-hards") snatching a few hours' welcome remission of fighting. All through the German push they have been covering themselves with glory equal to that which they earned at Albuera, where they won their nickname, over a hundred years ago

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *May 27, 1918.*

DEAR COUSIN—

THIS loveliest fourth May of war has not been without its excitements. For night diversion air-raids are again in fashion, and the long, sunny, scented days, born for anything but blood and battle, have each seen history in the making here, "over there," and even in Ireland, where, as the lady Sinn Feiner, now so romantically confined in the Tower or somewhere, truthfully remarked, the new Government is indeed "making a beginning." Or, anyway, we hope so.

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FOR it only very mildly describes it to say that here in England we've been fed up to the ears for a *very* long while with the "poor distressful country," that takes all, but gives in return nothing but trouble. In the end, I suppose, Ireland's puny efforts to help the Germans win the war don't amount to much in the way of losing us sleep; but here and now, at the supreme moment of the struggle, we simply can't do with *any* distraction from the one and only thing that matters, which is the war. And in any case we get plenty of our own—from down Westminster way.

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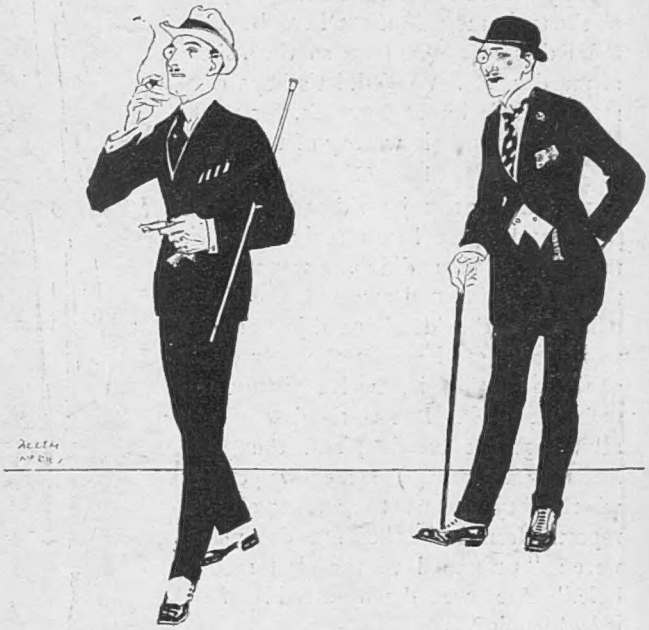
SUCH cream as can be skimmed off the last Irish "joke," people seem to think, lies in the fact that Lord French, Ireland's new Governor, is not only her own devoted son, but an enthusiastic Home Ruler *and* a keen lover of horseflesh to boot. That such a kindred soul should actually start in *governing* his so oppressed and down-trodden birthplace must be very perplexing and annoying to his compatriots; and I'm told his Whitsuntide "wumping" of one hundred of the "King's enemies," male and female, over to brutal England fairly puzzled, or, navally speaking, scuppered 'em.



"In mufti the Englishman leaves the Frenchman at the post every time"

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HERE in England, being a determined people, we refused to let either air-raids, or the shortage of trains, or the pathetic plea of the railway companies "please not to travel" interfere with that flight from London which is the accepted fashion for British Bank Holiday week-ends, whether in war or peace. They say the fights at Victoria and places for seats in the holiday trains made onlooking soldier-men tremble, though they weren't any worse than at the previous day's Gat vick push. On this occasion the tenacity of our ancient race was shown, perhaps, most strikingly of all by a man who arrived late and found every carriage full, both "standing" and "sitting."

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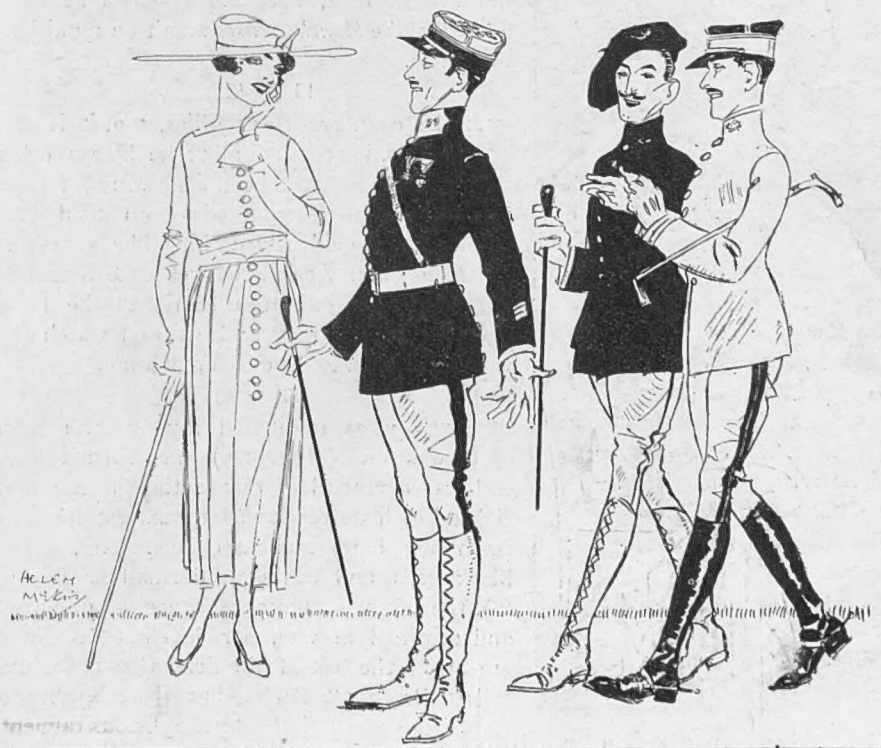

"The glorious raiment of her officers in their Paris get-up—indescribably smart"

NOT to be outdone, he opened a carriage door, shoved in his two female companions somehow with a vigorous push from behind, and slammed it on them. Infuriated, the occupants fiercely hurled the women out again, but as the train moved off our hero bundled the ladies in once more, so that, short of murder . . . Well, let's hope they made a little bit at Gatwick, for really such persistence is worthy of reward.

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WHITSUNTIDE joy-riders came two and three hours early for their trains, and *then* didn't always catch them, being turned away at the ticket office after they'd admitted just enough to fill each carriage—in the war Whitsun sense, that is, twelve sitting and eight standing. But to the determined, all things are possible, and the John Bulls (*and* others) somehow got to where they meant to go, for all the reports from all the seaside places were: "Crammed to the last mouse-hole." Are we downhearted? *Does* it *look* like it?

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WHICH I really can't help thinking is *rather* wonderful of us, you know, considering all things. Such as this horrid, horrid stoppage of leave, for instance, and the awful profiteering on food, which gets almost beyond belief—I wonder who *does* rake in all the increases on the price of everything? If it's the traders, the grocers and butchers themselves, it must be the best get-rich-quick game they've ever heard, read, or dreamed of. To extort even double its proper price for some household necessity is very pleasant trading, I imagine; but when, as now, rates are trebled and quadrupled, it positively becomes a scream—for everyone *except*, of course, the poor, unfortunate public.

"The French war-widow—the model of chic"

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AND, from all accounts, we're easily ahead there, as elsewhere. In France and Italy things are dear, of course, but not so monstrously dear; and in the restaurants you at least get some value for your money. In fact, someone just back from Rome and Paris tells me that wherever he went he got real food, and of the best, for less than *we've* been paying for hard-boiled eggs and camouflaged haddocks and world-weary cheese, at our ramping restaurants for months and months and months.

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IN Paris, at Ciro's and the Café de Paris, the *hors d'œuvre* were as varied and delicious as ever, the fish fried as usual in oil or butter, the chicken and green peas were neither frozen nor tinned, the omelette was of eggs *not* made of straw, there was a variety of cheese, and though on the tiny strawberries they had to manage with Kirsch instead of cream, there was fine white sugar in abundance. On the French trains a delicious dinner is still served, and in the French hotels one's *café complet* is still served with fine white bread and honey, one's bath long, hot, and towelled *ad lib*—evidently the *blanchisseuses* aren't on munitions in France.

"In Paris, even in the lesser restaurants, he ate far better and lots cheaper"

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IN the country of our Allies, too, it is still possible, it seems, for human beings other than millionaires to take a little wine for their stomach's sake—foreign ideas on food profiteering are evidently nothing like so enterprising as ours. And there is yet some vermouth left under a guinea a bottle at the Paris *cafés*, where one may still sit and watch the wonderful kaleidoscope of French life.

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HERE what fascinated my observer man was first (of course) the French war-widows—a marvel of *chic* in the shortest and tightest of little black skirts, smartest of shoes (with big bow) and stockings, long, filmy black veils, and white-edged small hats—and (2) the French officers. France is drenched and drowned in war, her loveliest provinces are under the feet of the fiend General Smuts calls "Brother" Boche, but there might be victorious peace to judge by the glorious raiment of her officers in their Paris get-up.

(Continued on page 366)

A Charming Chilian

Photograph] THE COUNTESS OF LISBURNE [*Lallie Charles*

Who was married to the seventh Earl in 1914, is a daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, attaché to the Chilian Legation. Lady Lisburne has a little daughter two years old, and spends much of her time in working on behalf of war charities.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

"INDESCRIBABLY smart. Make our officers look dingy. And as for the Americans (of whom there are heaps here, mostly Red Cross) in their sombrero hats or leather-peaked ones and with their funny walk and still funnier shapes. . . ." (Words here fail my friend, but on the French uniform he has much to say.) "Every colour under the sun, horizon blue, dark blue, blue tunics slashed with gold, red breeches with dark stripes, long brown boots to the knee, caps of red plush, or green, or black, or brown. Everything with lots of gold on, and the tunics very waisted with full skirts and tight breeches."

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice: it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink'"
(Suggested design for a window in the College of Pacifists)

IT'S amusing, isn't it, that, though in mufti the Englishman leaves the Frenchman at the post every time, in fancy-dress it is *vice versâ?* I suppose the mere neutral shades of peace-time leave the Gaelic temperament cold. But come the "circumstance of glorious war" and he's in tune, caparisoned like the peacock, for conquest.

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FORTUNATELY, we have our reminders, here in England, that there is a war. In Bond Street, the Orpen war pictures—marvellous examples of a most arresting artist's work; at the Grafton Galleries, the Australian battle pictures; and at the Leicester, the "impressions" of a young soldier-artist, Lieut. Paul Nash, who expresses, with something of the severe simplicity of the Far East, what he calls the Void of War. His "Landscape—Year of our Lord 1917," which has been bought by Canada, is just a picture of No-Man's-Land through a screen of twisted barbed wire. But it suggests to the imagination just that very emptiness—the void of war.

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THE Aussies' show (by the way, my best thanks for their magazine, which is a very bright spot in Army journalism) reminded me of how, as I was told the other day, the Boche, in his Army reports, classifies our troops from the point of view of those most to be feared and most courageous. Thus:—

(1) Australians.
(2) Guards.
(3) 51st Division (which contains North of Scotland crofters, ignorant and religious fanatics, who regard Boche as Anti-Christ).

Which isn't to say that all the rest of them aren't braver than lions too, of course. But if the Boche *has* a preference—well, it's not for this particular trio!

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THIS is an off-ish week as far as the old moon's concerned—for which we are truly thankful., though it was never truer than now that you never can tell. But the long, long, almost unending days, and the Gotha-ed nights *are* a little tiring, it must be confessed. Indeed, for all life's so precious that I hate to lose a single second, almost I am glad, you know, that "because the change would cause considerable resentment in Ireland" we are not to be given that second hour of daylight there's been so much talk about. If they gave us very much more of these lovely summer days there'd really be not enough time, would there, to make up the sleep lost on our aeroplane nights?

With love, yours ever,

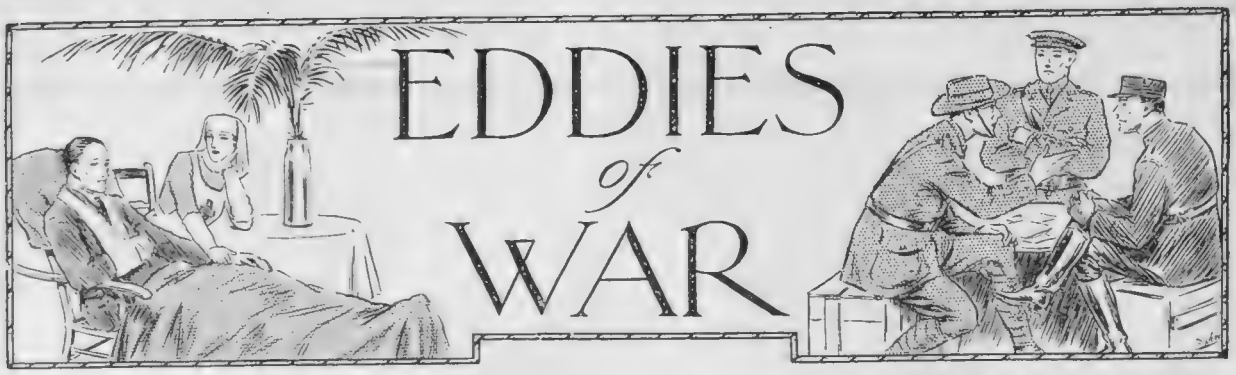
BLANCHE

Scissored Silhouettes in the Land of the Cæsars

PASSED BY CENSOR

The roads of Italy—and especially the people who use them—are full of interest. Long and straight, as in Flanders, with rows of trees on each side, but without either the mud or the pavé. Refugees, soldiers of all sorts, women workers, and vehicles of every age and speed are always to be met with; and Lieut. Oakley has skilfully scissored out some silhouettes of them for our readers

BY LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY



THE BATMAN AND THE PEACHES. BY OWEN THURGOOD

No officer should be a Nero to his batman. On moral as well as military grounds many arguments could be put forward to support this statement, but this is a mercenary age, and the only argument that matters is that it does not pay.

Pillingham's experience proves this. "Old Pill," or "Number Nine," as he is variously designated by his contemporaries, has risen to great heights since he first donned a Sam Browne belt in the autumn of 1914.

To-day he wears brass fittings on his cap, rides in a luxurious motor-car in spite of the petrol shortage, has a room to himself in Whitehall, and, although he lives on his pay, can still afford to eat butter and new laid eggs.

And all this affluence he owes to an insignificant individual bearing the name of Buggins.

Buggins is his batman. Buggins was his batman when Pillingham had only one pip on his sleeve. But for Buggins Pillingham might have had only one pip still.

Not that "Old Pill" is unworthy of rank and honour. On the contrary, he is "one of the best," and the pithy little paragraphs that have appeared in the *London Gazette* from time to time, describing his exploits in France, have made it pretty clear that he has nothing to be ashamed of.

Yet he himself admits that it was Buggins who saved him from disaster at a time of crisis, and it is obvious that if the batman had not been treated kindly at the beginning of his batmanship there might never have been an opportunity for Buggins to perform the great deed of his life.

In his civilian days Buggins had employed his evenings in the practice of a rather unusual hobby. He made artificial fruit. And he did it extremely well.

Thus it came about that when, in the early days of the fruit famine, Second Lieutenant Pillingham was bemoaning the fact that neither love nor money could be exchanged for fruit for one's dinner-table, Buggins politely suggested that some artificial fruit would at least look well as a table decoration.

Pillingham at this time was stationed at a godforsaken camp, and occupied rooms in the adjacent village, there being no officers' mess in the camp.

Being rather fond of show, he questioned Buggins as to the possibilities of his proposal, and finally told him to "go ahead."

Buggins went ahead. He went ahead with such success that no one ever dropped in to dine with "Number Nine" without admiring his grapes or peaches, or bananas, and laughing heartily when he explained that the dessert was "not to be taken —seriously."

Then came the crisis.

Unexpectedly, Pillingham received a call from his Colonel, who had a little matter of business to discuss with him, and was, incidentally, thinking of recommending him for "something better" than the job he had.

The Colonel was exceedingly partial to peaches.

Pillingham knew this perfectly well, but having a suspicion of the recommendation which "the Old Man" was contemplating, and, being taken completely by surprise by his visit, he had a slight attack of nerves.

When they sat down at the table on which Buggins had placed the usual pile of fruit, no thought of the Colonel's weakness occurred to him.

When it was too late he remembered.

"By Gad!" said the Colonel towards the end of the meal, "you're a lucky man to get peaches like this," and he took one from the dish.

Pillingham declares that the sight of a horde of Huns bearing down on him in a trench when most of his men had fallen, troubled him less than his commanding officer's simple and natural, if somewhat greedy, action at that moment.

"I'll swear my hair stood on end," he said, when telling the tale to me; "and I couldn't think what the dickens to say, because I was afraid that, however I put it, he'd think I had intended to pull his leg. But, to my amazement, when he cut the peach it was a perfectly good one—real, and ripe."

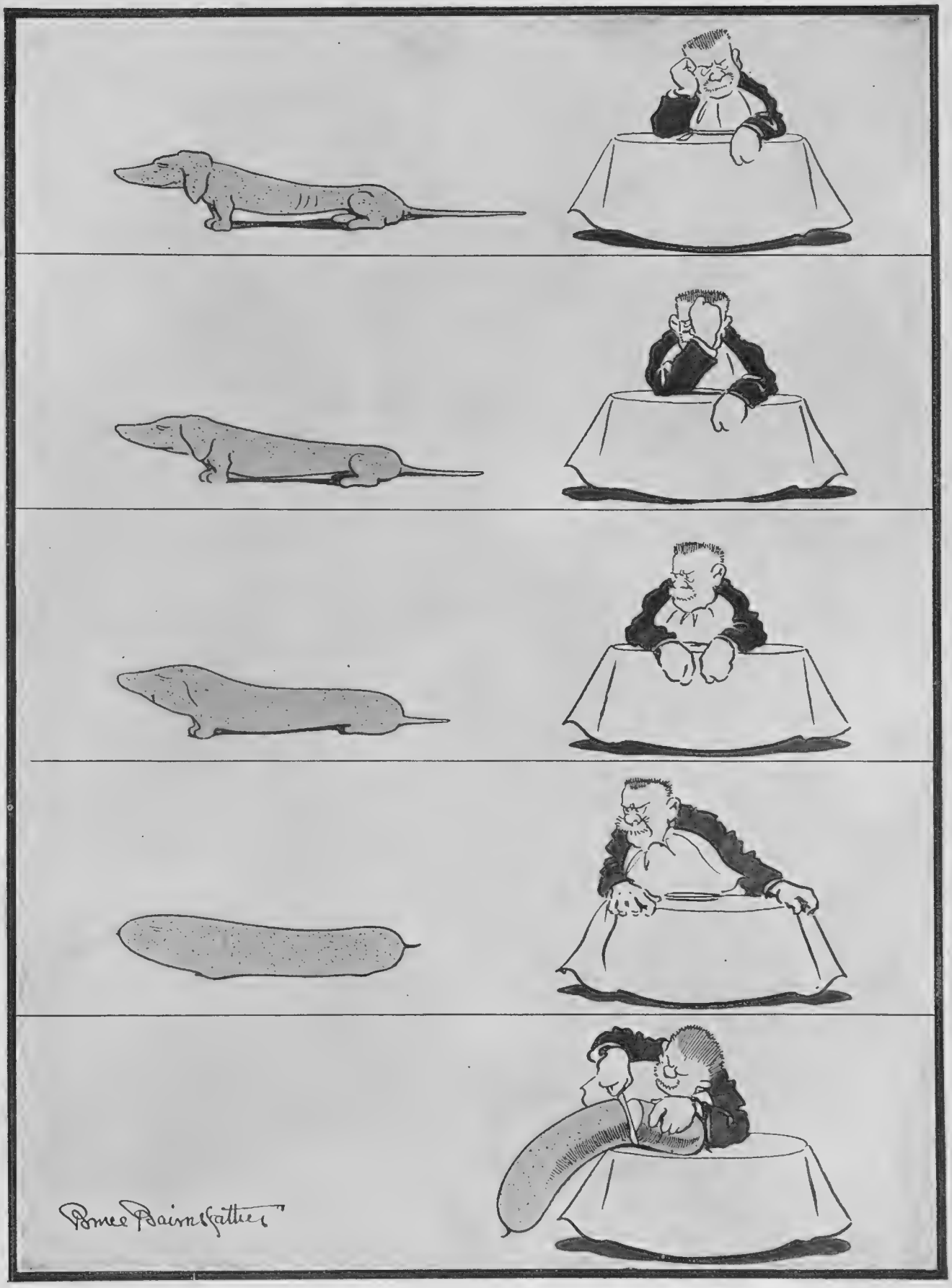
After the Colonel had gone, Buggins explained.

"By a stroke of luck," he said, "the landlady had some peaches sent her to-day and I bought them from her as soon as the Colonel came. I knew he'd plump for the peaches, so there was no risk in leaving the bananas and grapes on the dish."

"No risk!" said Pillingham. "No *risk!* I smashed my damned thumb-nail trying to peel that loose banana, after I'd seen him eat the peach."

"Never mind, Buggins," he said later, "I forgive you."

Events have proved that he could afford to.



PASSED BY CENSOR

TEMPTATION

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

An Investiture in Jerusalem

PASSED BY CENSOR

Photograph by American Colony, Jerusalem

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught visited Jerusalem in March, and held an investiture. Our photograph shows him congratulating one of the R.A.M.C. for an act of conspicuous gallantry

The Bystander in Paris

TOBACCO TRIALS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"It is not the vrai monde who smoke"

MES AMIS—

THERE are many days in this time when Paris is so indeed dull. The last summer all the time were many of your army and the others to make life, but now it is so melancholy to see the policemen of all the armies taking their promenade along the boulevards with so few to look after. Even the Italians and the Belgians have now in Paris their own police, and it is desolating for them that there is no one to arrest.

BUT most of all it is the policemen of the Americans who have a fierce look. The Italians and the Belgians carry, as always, their revolvers, and you strange English who seem always as if you did not wish to kill, whatever should happen, have nothing at all. But Monsieur the United States marches himself across the Place de l'Opéra with a great club tied to his *ceinture*.

IT was in the tramway No. 16, which has become so fashionable since the essence for the motor-cars was all suppressed, that Lucile and I had our adventure with the policeman with the club. "Demand of him," said Lucile, "if he uses it in the battle." She has a great deal of curiosity, Lucile, and I spoke to him in my most polite English.

"I spoke to him in my most polite English"

OFTEN I have been complimented that I speak with an accent very good, but it was not so I must that day have spoken my words. He regarded me very fierce: "No compree Français," he said, and then he began to speak much more. I listened so carefully, but it was more strange than Russian that he spoke. "No compree United States," I said; and we do not yet know if they use the great club in the battle.

IT is for *Messieurs les Civils*, that I have for the first time in these days a great sympathy. They are very patient. It is for months that one has seen how there were not many who smoke any more in the street. They were the lucky ones who had a cigarette or a cigar for after the *déjeuner* and the *diner*, and now the Government goes to make a *carte de tabac*.

THE *carte de tabac* itself, that would be nothing if it should be like the *carte de pain*, but it is a so unfortunate fact that there

(Continued on page 372)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Voila," she said, "the bullet de bombe!"

will be only the *carte*, and no more *tabac* than there is now. From that so strange a quarrel has begun. The Government has said the *carte* will be only for men who have more than sixteen years.

And it is those of my sex who complain. "*Où est la justice?*" they demand. "If the men have the *carte de tabac* so should the women."

In France, it is not as with you, where all the young girls smoke so much as the mothers. It is not the *vrai monde*, and the honest people who smoke, and the others, I think—they will always be successful to get the cigarettes while the soldiers have of them. For me, it is only when the Gothas come that I have so strong a wish to smoke.

But there is one *civil* for whom I am not sad. He was a soldier, and he used to make a boast to the others: "Very soon, old ones, I shall not be any more at this. I shall be earning money in Paris." And they said: "Shut up, thou; do you think they will make one like thee Minister for War or an archbishop?" "I shall return to my trade as a *cordonnier*," he said; and the men of his company said to each other: "That sly fellow Perrin, he must have friends of influence, that he should so return to be a *cordonnier*."

"What is it, then?" said the Colonel, very fierce

It was one night when the Gothas came, that his so influential friend arrived also. On the next day, when Lucile and I visited at the house of Madame Perrin, who was once in the service of our family, the nurse introduced him. "*Voilà*," she said. "The *bullet de bombe*. He arrived at the moment of the bomb of the Gotha. How his father will be content."

When the news was arrived, Perrin demanded to see his Colonel. "What is it, then?" said the Colonel, very fierce.

"*Un bullet de bombe*, mon colonel," said Perrin.

"*Un bullet de bombe, espèce d'idiot*, what do you mean?"

"The poor Perrin, who was a brave soldier and had won his *croix de guerre*, was now very frightened.

"The eighth, mon colonel," he said.

"The eighth *bullet de bombe!*" the colonel raged. "Take him to hospital, put him under guard, the man is mad."

But Perrin had recovered himself. "It is my eighth *bébé*," he said, "and I wished to demand to be relieved of my service — *c'est un poilu, le petit*, of the class 1937, *mon colonel*. I am now father of five *poilus* and three *marraines*."

It is so that Perrin is again a civilian and works as a *cordonnier*, as he had said. But Madame Perrin is disconsolate because the poor little *bébé* has only the name of the *Bullet de Bombe*, though the priest has baptised him Auguste Philippe.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

PASSED BY CENSOR

"THE DEVIL DOCTORS"

His Fatal

PASSED BY CENSOR

OLD BILL: "My wife married me for love, ye know, Bert
BERT *(after prolonged and somewhat pained scrutiny of Bill's face)*:

Beauty

rt"

): "I had been wonderin' what it was, Bill!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

HOTCH POTCH

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

BY
"JINGLE"
Illustrated by
LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is announced as the "Funny Review," and it certainly affords as much occasion for riotous mirth as can be reasonably expected in these anxious times. The Review consists of a series of jokes of what I believe are known as the homely kind. That is to say, amusing situations arising out of quite commonplace events—the sort of thing, in fact, that might happen to anybody. Further, each joke, for its due elaboration, requires what the conjuring fraternity call the aid of mechanical apparatus. Mr. Fred Kitchen, who is the presiding genius of the show, sets out with a fine determination to extract roars of laughter, even if he has to use his figurative forceps for the job; and his complete success is the amplest justification of his method.

THE first joke is a fine, solidly built concern, with accessories consisting of a garden well and a number of pretty girls. There is a legend to the effect that if a girl looks into the well on a bright May morning she will see mirrored in the water the face of her future husband, or something of that sort. Miss Connie Browning, surrounded by a bevy of lovely little creatures, takes a furtive peep into the well, and then steps back, so as to get plenty of room to shriek in, for there is something more than the mirrored reflection of a man's face there, down below—the man himself is there. A moment later Mr. Kitchen climbs out of the well in a rather used-up condition and bows his acknowledgments. He explains politely, by way of accounting for his presence, that on the previous evening he had dropped his bottle of whisky down the well, and naturally hurried after it in the hope of being able to recover at least the flavour of the precious spirit in the cool spring water.

THE shoe store joke is a very elaborate one, the accessories being the usual surroundings of a fashionable boot and shoe dealer, and—Miss Nora Delany. Miss Delany had, in a previous scene, delighted us with a sentimental coon song, so that her sudden evolution into a joyful humorist had a cheerful element of surprise. She appears in the shop, over which Mr. Kitchen presides, as the young lady customer, and having removed her shoe, permits him to take her dainty foot in his hand. In the midst of a discussion as to the kind of shoe she requires, she begins to wriggle and giggle, and declares that he is tickling her toes, and that she never could stand that sort of thing. While Mr. Kitchen has gone

to select a suitable pair of shoes the young lady gets up and has a look about the shop. She is attracted by one of those dummies you see in the shop windows of vendors of silken hose, where, in order to display to the best advantage the fit and quality of the stocking for sale, it is fitted closely to what might well be a lady's leg, if ladies had such things.

THE young lady customer then resumes her seat pensively, with the imitation limb beside her, and the illusion is quite lifelike. So much so that in his natural excitement Mr. Kitchen does not observe the artifice, and makes a desperate effort to put the shoe on the wrong foot, as it were. In the course of the operation he finds it difficult to avoid lingering a little over the dainty stocking, which he imagines to be filled with the real thing. This joke is greeted with really noisy laughter, and even after the curtain had fallen on the homely little scene, there was an occasional outburst of cackling here and there, thus proving that the delicate humour of the situation had been properly understood and appreciated.

(*Continued on page 378*)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

THEN there is the lonely soldier joke. This is in the form of a well-acted sketch, showing us Miss Florence Smithers as a middle-aged widow manœuvring for her second chance. She has been corresponding with a lonely soldier, as, of course, you never know your luck. And presently Mr. Kitchen appears as the warrior in the case. He is charmed at meeting his fair correspondent at last, and is going to give her any number of handsome presents if she will, just as a matter of form, advance him the money with which to pay for them. The scene is full of fine rich humour, and for a climax there is a little dramatic surprise which brings the curtain down with a torrent of laughter. The military element in the house seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, and their approval may, for all I know to the contrary, be a nice tribute to the fidelity of the story to life. Anyway, as long as our soldiers are amused, nothing else matters much. Another Army joke that is very much appreciated, shows a couple of old soldiers taking a tearful leave of their wives, who imagine their men are going out to the trenches, whereas they are going no farther than the Depôt at Grove Park. And when, after having seen the wife out of sight, Mr. Kitchen turned and gave the very pretty ticket-collector a whole-hearted hug just for luck, the soldiers in the house gave him a ringing cheer, as to a man who had so obviously done the only correct thing.

THE wireless bell joke is another elaborate but entirely acceptable outbreak of humour. Mr. Kitchen has now become a commercial traveller in wireless bells. The merit of this article is that if some unauthorised person is kissing your wife without your knowledge the wireless bell at once begins to ring violently by way of giving the alarm. At one house Mr. Kitchen sells a bell to a man whose wife is kissed by the landlord every time he calls for the arrears of rent; and the wireless bell soon settles this little trouble. As it happens Mr. Kitchen then meets the lady who is such an expert in osculation, and promptly takes steps to neutralise his beneficent invention. He had no idea she was such a fascinating creature, and he is not giving anything away on himself. So the bell goes out of the window while he starts optimistically on the chase.

THE best piece of work in the revue is a burlesque of the Sicilian Players, in which Mr. Kitchen and Miss Delany again take prominent parts. It is all nonsense of course; but it is quite well done, and is clearly the result of a close observation of the original company. In between the jokes there are sandwiched dances and songs. Also there are a number of handsome and sturdy young ladies, who, if the fair "Blanche" had her way, would doubtless be tillers of the soil instead. Perhaps if some such reform were instituted, the problem of how to make rural life attractive to the town dweller might be solved once and for all. I think I would want to go and be a farmer's boy myself. JINGLE

A Real Romance of War

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS LUCY DART, A.L.C.M.

Whose marriage, on May 25, to Lieutenant Charles Dawson, the inventor of the "Dawson Girl," is a true romance of the war. Meeting her at a hospital concert, he recognised in her his own ideal picture-girl come to life. Their wedding is the result. Miss Dart is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice in addition to her other attractions

THE BULLET-PROOF WAISTCOAT

By A. G. ROPER

PEOPLE with plenty of time on their hands devise a means of wasting it, and dignify it with the name of "hobby." The Colonel's hobby was invention. In the pre-war days he had dabbled in numerous contrivances. There was, for instance, the Bryant Burglar Alarm, which was annexed by an enterprising craftsman in company with much valuable plate; and there was also the patent lawn-mower, which exhibited on trial all the best qualities of a steam plough. Then there was his weed-killer, which unfortunately refused to specialise in weeds; and his insect poison, which the beetles appeared to regard as a new and delectable patent food.

These failures, however, did not daunt the gallant Colonel; to him, as a matter of fact, in his obstinacy of heart, they were not failures at all. The inventions were all right. What was wrong was the crass stupidity of other people who interfered with them. The burglar alarm would have been all right if *someone* hadn't messed about with it; so would the lawn-mower, so would everything else if this same *someone* had only been content to leave things alone.

And then the war broke out, and the Colonel's chance had come! His mind stretched out to greater lengths. Horticultural and domestic improvements were all set aside for the one great business of accelerating the destruction of the Hun.

The War Office, unfortunately, was quite unappreciative; it objected point blank to his scheme for a combination Zeppelin and submarine, and was polite but unenthusiastic with regard to his recipe for a new and devastating explosive. His constant letters on the point to the daily papers brought him considerable publicity. Unappreciated, but undeterred, he set to work on his culminating effort, the wonderful Bryant Bullet-Proof Waistcoat. It was a remarkable achievement, this waistcoat, and the Colonel was very proud of it indeed, and every day wrapped it round the cherry tree in the garden and peppered away at it with a Webley. By the end of the week there was no cherry tree, very little waistcoat, and a bill from next door for the massacre of two roosters and a cat.

The Colonel stuck to it, however—it would have been quite all right if Miss Brown had only kept her blanketty menagerie out of the way—and he displayed such complete confidence in his invention that he proposed to his daughter's *fiancé* that he should put it on and run round the garden while he took pot-shots at him with his revolver. In any case, the Colonel explained, he'd got to be under fire sooner or later.

Second Lieutenant Brooke, however, failed to see the matter in the same light, and the Colonel indignantly forbade him ever to darken his doors again. He thought he had finished with the Second Lieutenant. He hadn't. He discovered his error that same evening.

He had dined, and, strange to relate, the function on this occasion had not left him in the best of tempers. To begin with, the soup was distinctly burnt; intimation of the fact to the cook left her in tears, and she promptly gave him notice. Then Phyllis had been very troublesome about the Second Lieutenant. The Colonel was exceedingly obstinate; he had said what he had said, and he never by any chance went back on what he had said, convinced though he might be of its utter unreasonableness. The Second Lieutenant was never to speak to Phyllis again until he had donned the waistcoat and been shot at.

Argument was useless. If the Lieutenant wasn't prepared to do his bit for his country, the Colonel would find somebody who was. The way to his daughter's hand was through the bullet-proof waistcoat. No knight of old had such a troublesome task. Dragons weren't in it. Phyllis pleaded, wheedled, wept; and then, sulking, refused to eat any dinner, and retired upstairs to her room. At least, that is where she said she was going. Afterwards the Colonel had doubts on the point.

He was sitting in his sanctum, writing a letter to the Inventions Board, when an insistent whistling obtruded itself upon his notice.

"Dear Sir," he wrote—whistle—"I have the honour"—whistle—"to bring before your notice"—whistle, whistle—whistle! The Colonel, ejaculating profusely, rose and went to the window.

"The cook's young man, I suppose," he said.

He was wrong. It was Phyllis's young man. From the window the Colonel looked out upon the garden, and at the bottom of the garden was a road, and in the road stood the Lieutenant.

The Colonel again ejaculated profusely and snorted like a porpoise in distress. As he did so, he observed Phyllis nimbly flitting across the lawn and taking cover in the most approved military fashion. She vanished from view under cover of the privet hedge.

The Colonel, beside himself, determined to deliver an immediate frontal attack. The reconnaissance department of the foe seemed to be out of working order, for he was enabled to effect a complete surprise. There they were, heads very close together, he on the road, she in the garden. He heard them laugh. The Colonel cleared his throat and got ready his heaviest artillery.

"Good evening, sir," said the Lieutenant cheerily. "The garden's looking fine. That wisteria——"

"I thought I told you never to speak to my daughter again, after what occurred yesterday?"

"Oh, yes," said the Lieutenant. "But Phyllis—er—Miss Bryant—and I have been talking it over, and we have agreed to accept your conditions. Would you like to shoot me now, or put it off for a day or two?"

The Colonel gasped. The rhetoric with which he had primed himself was entirely wasted.

"Perhaps the light's a bit poor now?" continued the Lieutenant, "what about 2.30 to-morrow?"

"So you've changed your mind?" said the Colonel. "Very well, then. Come up to-morrow afternoon and we'll see about it. It's a pity you didn't think of it at the time. Good night, Mr. Brooke! Come

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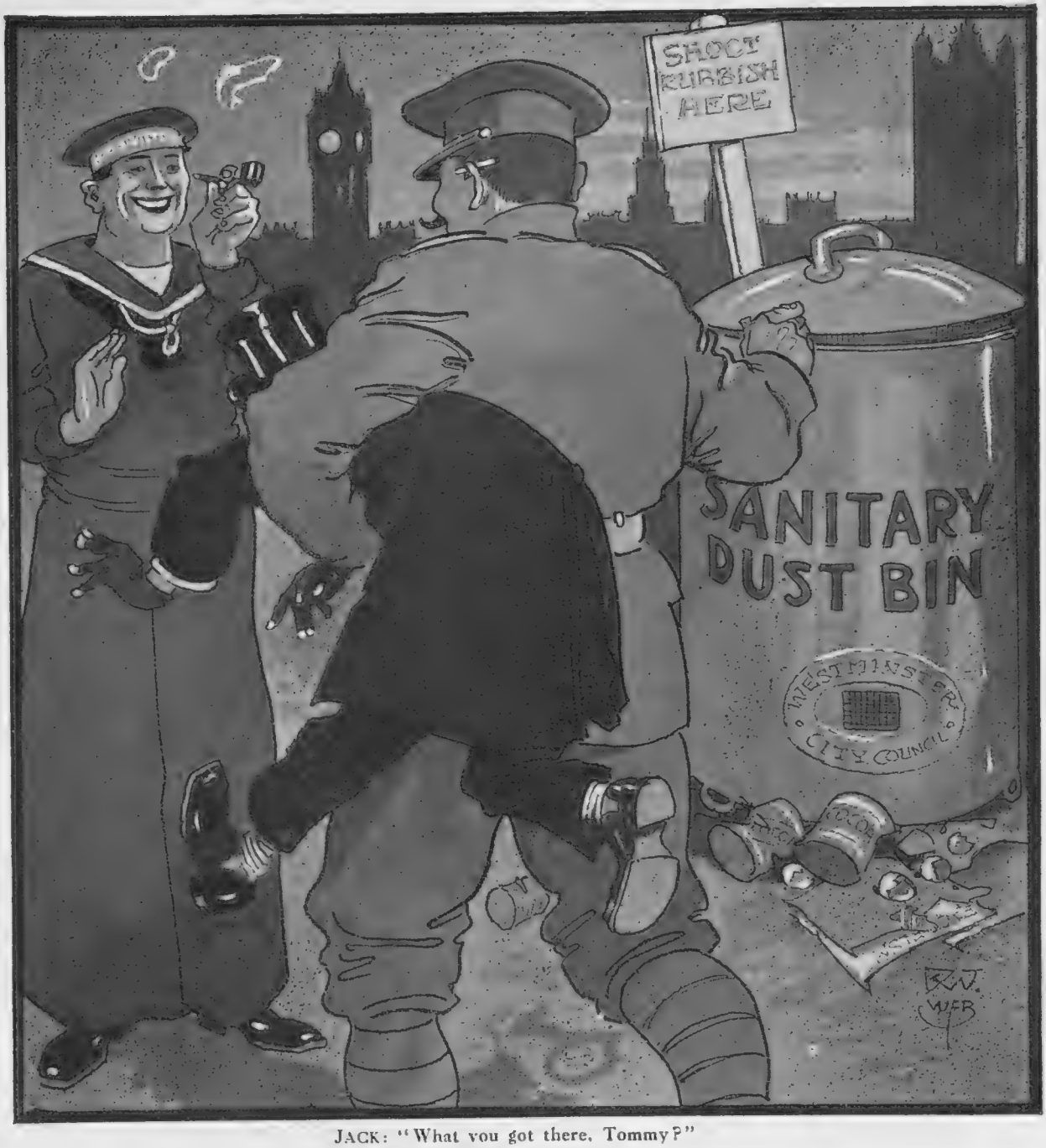
For the "Duration"



JACK: "What you got there, Tommy?"
TOMMY: "A blinkin' politician!"
JACK: "What you goin' to do with 'im?"
TOMMY: "Put 'im in 'is proper place!"

along, Phyllis. It's getting damp. You'll catch cold."

The Colonel returned to his sanctum with the pleasing sense of a problem satisfactorily settled. Also he had got his own way.

"I do hope the waistcoat *is* bullet-proof," said Phyllis.

"Of course it is!" snorted the Colonel, returning to his correspondence with renewed gusto. "Do you think I want to kill the young fool? I only want to test his metal!"

"But that cat, and those roosters, and——"

"My dear girl, that's nothing whatever to do with it. If Miss Brown lets her private zoo loose in my garden she must take the consequences. Go to bed, my dear, and don't be silly!"

With the assistanccof some red ink he set to work on a diagram which looked like the bloodstained symbol of a secret society. Looking over his shoulder, he found that Phyllis still lingered.

"Go to bed, go to bed!" snorted the Colonel angrily. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"You're simply smothering the carpet in red ink, father!"

"The Colonel, rising hurriedly, upset the entire bottle. Fortunately Phyllis had fled. The Colonel set to work to repair the damage. Then he set to work on his waistcoat.

Punctually at 2.30 the next afternoon the Lieutenant arrived.

"Fine afternoon for a funeral!" he said cheerily.

The Colonel seemed a trifle worried as he assisted

(*Continued on page 382*)

"THE BULLET-PROOF WAISTCOAT" (*concluded*)

the Lieutenant into the wonderful waistcoat. He became distinctly snuffy when the other complained of the absence of pockets.

"Well, good-bye, everybody!" said the Lieutenant, when the last strap had been coerced into position. "If anything should happen, I leave half my fortune to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Roosters. The other twopence-halfpenny can go towards the funeral. Good-bye, Colonel! Good-bye, Phyllis!" The Colonel, speechless with indignation, witnessed the embrace he was powerless to prevent. The Lieutenant's imitation of Martin Harvey, on the way to the garden, did nothing to damp his rising anger.

The Colonel carefully placed his victim in front of the rockery as if he were posing him for the camera. He raised his revolver and took aim carefully.

"Three shots a penny!" said the Lieutenant, cheerily.

Phyllis put her fingers in her ears. The Colonel fired. There was a deafening report, which caused a panic among Miss Brown's roosters; and when the smoke cleared away, there was the Lieutenant, still standing there, with an amused smile on his face.

"Packet of Woodbines or a cocoanut?" he said. The Colonel gazed in delighted surprise.

"Wonderful!" he said. "Wonderful! Did you feel anything?"

"Something kind of tickled me," said the Lieutenant.

"Wonderful!" said the Colonel again. He carefully scrutinised the wonderful waistcoat. Not a dent was to be seen. He began to wonder if he had missed the mark altogether.

"And that, ladies and gentlemen, will conclude our performance for the afternoon!" said the Lieutenant, and started to extricate himself.

"One moment," said the Colonel. "Let me try one more shot!"

"Don't you tempt Providence!" warned the Lieutenant. "Besides——"

The Colonel raised his revolver and fired. The Lieutenant flung up his hand and fell suddenly forward. "Good heavens!" said the Colonel. He rushed forward and stooped over the prostrate form of the Lieutenant. He lay very still. The Colonel put his arm under him and lifted him up.

"Oh, father, what have you done?" cried Phyllis.

"Got me this time," said the Lieutenant faintly. "Got me all right this time!" He closed his eyes as if the effect of speech were too much for him. Then: "Phyllis!" he said suddenly. "It's all right—it's all right about our engagement, Colonel?" he continued, in a low voice.

"Yes," said the conscience-stricken Colonel. "Yes! Quick, Phyllis, send for a doctor!"

"Don't bother," said the Lieutenant, getting suddenly to his feet. "It's all right, Colonel! Those cartridges were blank. Phyllis saw to it last night."

The Colonel's language was blank also. Miss Brown, next door, blocked her ears up, and, finding it still penetrated, locked herself up in the coal cellar. For ten minutes without a stop, the Colonel blustered and fumed, and broke all previous records. When, finally, he stopped for want of breath, the Lieutenant chimed in, and, apologising for the deception, politely pointed out that he had fulfilled all the conditions of the contract, which had expressed nothing as to the nature of the cartridges to be employed.

"I don't care twopence about any contract," snorted the Colonel angrily. "You've tried to fool me. That's enough. And now I am going to fool you!"

He took Phyllis by the arm and escorted her back to the house. Half-way across the lawn he suddenly stopped, and there was a smile upon his face.

"Come along and have tea with us, Mr. Brooke," he said.

And Mr. Brooke went.

A. G. ROPER

THE LUXURY TAX

SHE: "Expensive? Well, it may have cost a lot, but I thought you would think it was really rather patriotic of me to buy it!"

Sea-Waves *versus* Heat-Waves

MERMAIDS OF THE BEACH

The Whitsuntide rush from the heat of London to the seaside has given the photographers a sort of preliminary harvest. Some of their more successful studies are given on this page; and it is interesting to see how aptly the munitioneer transforms herself into a mermaid

Books *of the* Week

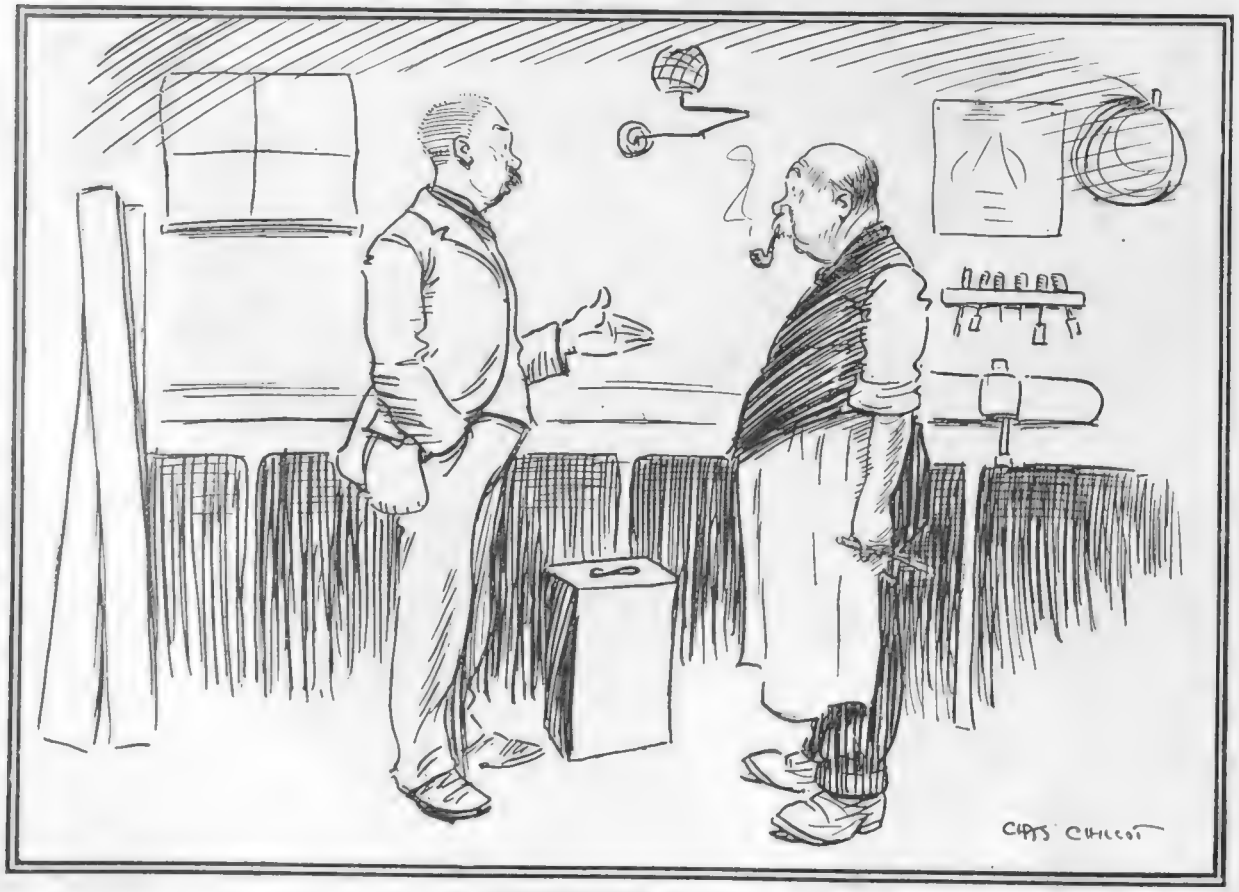
"First the Blade"

OUGHT an author to know his or her characters better than anybody else? Ought he or she to intrude his or her own personality into a story? I dare say there is a stern rule about these and all kindred matters in the treatises on modern literature: but it is, I suppose, primarily the author's business. Miss Clemence Dane brings into her second novel, *First the Blade* (Heinemann: 6*s*. net), not only herself, but also a shadowy collaborator, about whom we learn little except that she knits. And she is unblushingly uncertain about her characters. Her heroine is, perhaps, clear enough, but her hero might be anybody you like (or don't like). And they marry. And that, so far as the story is concerned, is about all. But the personal methods which Miss Dane adopts are amusing and interesting enough. Indeed, you are prepared to forget all about the poor story and settle down to enjoy her happy knack of telling you all about the little things you want to know. It is old-fashioned, of course—some of the earlier chapters remind you of George Augustus Sala's essays in fiction—but it is very well done. Wherefore the book is worth reading. Let us hope, however, that at her next attempt, freedom from war-work will allow her to tell a really good story.

* * *

"The Pretty Lady"

IT's inspiring to hear as you do, in so many quarters, that "everybody has become so broadminded now, you know." But has everybody become anything of the sort? Certain little conventions of the piano-leg-covering sort have had to go, but we are still easily shocked—and still enjoy being shocked—in the good old nineteenth century way. Why shouldn't we be shocked if we like? No reason at all. Wherefore let us take up Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, *The Pretty Lady* (Cassell: 6*s*.) and be shocked (or not) as much as we please. The book is quite daringly outspoken in places, and its heroine is a most respectable prostitute called Christine. The time, as the programmes have it, is "to-day." Christine, a Frenchwoman, has reached England in the wake of the Belgian exodus, and has had the good fortune to encounter by chance—my phrase, of course, not the author's—the rich G. J. Hoape of the Albany. Mr. Hoape of the Albany, however, naturally has other lady friends, two in particular called Lady Queenie and Concepcion, of a caste very different from Christine's, and the story which Mr. Bennett has to tell winds itself skilfully about these four people, with the war as the *deus ex machina* for ever coming forward and demanding to be taken into account. The book is neither nasty nor cynical; it is not even unpleasant—of course *you* are broadminded—and on his last page the author, like Zola, bares his soul for a moment to show you what an idealist he really is. The story is absorbingly told. You may regret the detailed pictures of Christine's profession, you may even be unable to sympathise with the war-industrious Hoape, but you will not fail to find that every page is absorbingly interesting. R. S.



A DISAPPOINTING CROP

"Just my luck, 'Arry. Got me calling-up notice this morning, and only 'ad me 'air cut yesterday!"

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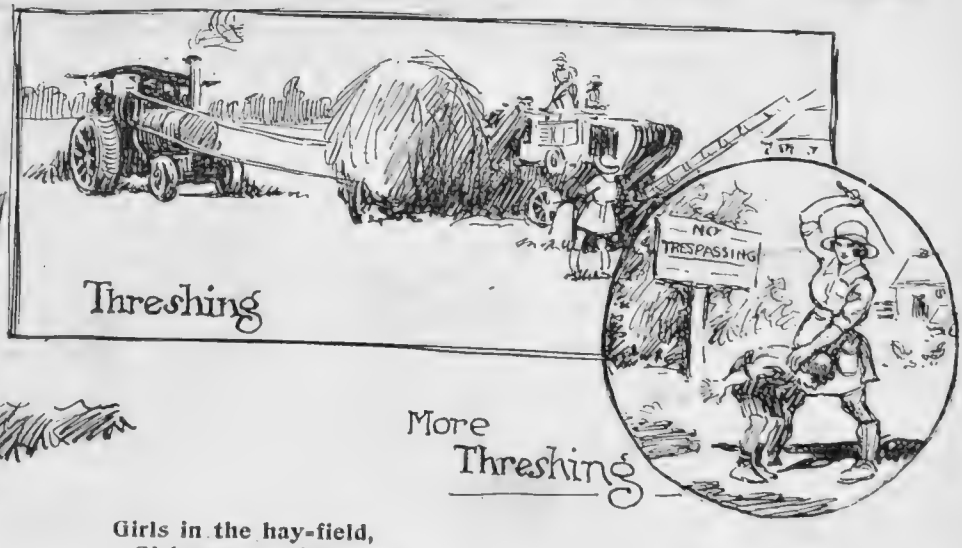
Rusticating with the LAND GIRL.

"Making hay while the sun shines."

Irrigation

This is the Maiden all forlorn etc. Modern style.

Dinner.



Threshing

More Threshing

Girls in the hay-field,
  Girls among the corn,
Girls guarding cherry-trees
  At five o'clock o' morn:
Sun-hats can never hide
  Smiles and dancing curls—
Oh, your England's proud of you,
  You girls, girls, girls!

Subal the Dog

BEHOLD unto the city of Ip came many fighters, even five legions of centurions, and the Kern of legions divided them up amongst the dwellings of the city so that there was not a house that held them not.

And daily these warriors would set about their duties with manly exercises and many strange movements of men, so that the beholders marvelled exceedingly, saying, "What manner of worship is this that they do press themselves unto the ground even several times on each day?"

Again he that was in Office would cry "Gas" in a loud voice, then would all men cover their heads and fling themselves upon the ground and rend their clothing at the neck, and hard was their breathing so that the beholders said one unto the other, "Gas and Prezzup, these are their gods. Let us away, for they are not nice to know: we have a Navy, let us be thankful."

Daily these warriors increased in stature and military understanding, and many were their walkings out, for there was much pointing of thumbs unto the sky in that city.

Now in one of these legions was one surnamed "Subal the dog," yea, even Subal the orderly dog, and daily was it his duty to go unto the eating chambers of his followers, and there would he shout in a loud voice, saying, "Shun! any complaints?" and there would be a great silence, during which time a man might raise up his voice, saying, "We are hungry and have not enough," then would Subal say unto his Quarter-of-a-Master "See thou to it," and straightway return to his own victuals.

MR. JAMES BUCHANAN, J.P.
The painting by Mr. J. J. Shannon, R.A., which is one of the most striking portraits in this year's Academy

And it came to pass one day he came not unto the eating chamber, for he had forgotten, and upon that day came the Commander, a mighty man with raiment of red and gold. So mighty was he that all men he passed would stiffen themselves unto pillars of salt, and there was much running about and turning out of guards.

When he drew nigh unto the eating chamber the Commander said unto the Kern of the legions, "Let us get down and see to the feeding of thy men," and they got down, even upon their legs got they down, and when they saw the food behold it was bad, for the Ayessee had not delivered the goods.

Then did the Commander say "Summon the Orderly Dog so I may question him concerning this thing," and they searched for him and he was nowhere to be found, whereupon the Commander chid the Kern of the legions with many words.

And the Kern summoned to himself his Adj saying: "Because he hath done this thing then take thou his name, for he hath let me down." And they took his name and straightway his number was up.

Now at that time there was much taking of leave amongst the Officers of that legion, and amongst the takers of leave were the Kern and Subal the dog.

But when they brought him up before the Kern he said unto Subal the dog, "Oh, thou sloppy soldier! what meanest thou that thou forsakest thy duties? Hast thou not read thy books, even thy book of Kayahah?" And they that were standing about said "Verily what a hope he hath," but Subal said nothing, but shuffled first on one foot and then upon the other—even upon his left and right feet.

And Kern gave judgment, saying, "Because thou hast done this thing, then shall thy leave be stopped; take thou this pen and write 'Wash-out' upon thine indent"; and when he had done this, then did the Adj turn him about and march him out.

Whereupon did Subal the dog hasten unto the post office of the city, where he did send messages unto divers pieces of fluff saying, "I shall not be there. Keep thou thy coupons, even thy fatted calf coupons, for another time."

Then did the Kern and his officers gird up their loins and their valises and depart from the city of Ip; but Subal sat alone in the outskirts of the city and swore, and such were his carryings on that the dogs of the city encompassed him about and were amazed.

Now it came to pass that later that day the Great Man, even the man of red and gold, caused messages to be sent far into the land saying, "Bid all my officers and men return forthwith, so that there shall not be left so much as one man on leave"; and because of this there was much disturbance amongst the tribe of Akakak, nevertheless were the messages sent.

The reason of these things I know not, neither would I tell, for verily the ways of Dora the woman are strange.

And immediately a great babble of discontent arose throughout the land. Yea, so great a babble, that the dogs forsook Subal and hurried unto the station to await the return of the warriors.

Then did Subal smile unto himself inwardly, yea such was his smile that it could not be seen but from his own inside, for by his shortcomings had he saved himself much trouble and expense.

And when he remembered the Kern of the legions he too hurried unto the station.

P. H. DRURY

The Girl of the Week

Vera

VERA lived at Night Clubs,
All—and more—she spent
On French frocks and frillies,
High-heeled shoes and scent.

Also rouge and henna,
Spiteful rivals said:
Flirting, fun, and fox trots
Filled her pretty head.

But when Bob adored her,
And, without a "sou,'
Won her for his war-bride,
What did Vera do?

Bade good-bye to "gadding,"
Pinched and scraped with joy,
Just to send **Abdullas**
To her absent "Boy"!

ABDULLA

THE CIGARETTE OF ALL TIME

The Time Savers

Running time is not the only time the need for a quick tyre change is felt. You may manage on the road; but the garage job remains to be done. Warland Dual Rims are best for the road (quick, easy, economical, and least cumbersome as spares); and better still for the garage, where tyre changing becomes the lightest and "slickest" of operations. No tyre levers.

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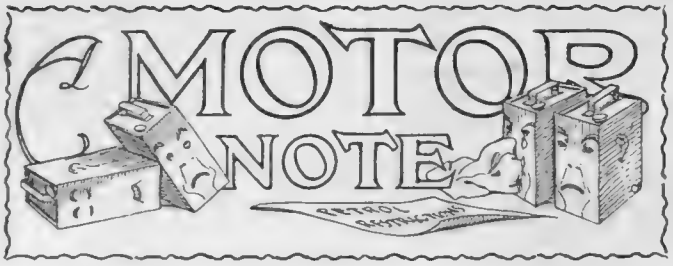
Telegrams: "Warlanrim Wesdo, London."



From the Front

ANOTHER little book won't do us any harm. The Vauxhall Company "have pleasure in sending herewith a copy of a little book—'Letters From the Front'—just issued. It consists of letters received from drivers and officers, who have been so impressed by the performance of Vauxhall cars at the front that they have written to the company in a spirit notably enthusiastic." Which is a very modest presentation of the fact. Probably I have even more pleasure in receiving the little book than Vauxhalls had in sending it. It is a very fine printing job indeed, and I have something of a weakness for such. Anyone interested in the after-war purchase of a high-grade car may have a copy on application to 174-182, Great Portland Street.

***

Triplex

YET another, all about Triplex Safety Glass, in brochure form, from the company, at No. 1, Albemarle Street, W., starts: "Glass! Grand instrument of tremendous power!" but immediately drops that bad Pelicanese, and in a couple of pages chases through history from the Phœnicians cooking blocks of natron in Palestine down to the Triplex-goggled aviator delivering the goods over German territory. Having, as my particular Pagan would say, cleansed itself of that perilous stunt and set up new figures for the distance, the brochure proceeds to explain just what Triplex is and what it will do, with special references to what it has done. And what it has done is plain marvel. You can let the imagination loose upon a glass that will stop a bullet at 300 yards, and figure for yourself something of its utility in war. Wherever they have a use for glass, and in an infinity of ways by which Triplex has made the use of glass possible, there you will find this particular commodity! "Glass! Grand instrument of tremendous power!" Um! Let it stand.

***

To Inventors

THE Automobile Association are offering £1,000 for the best invention by and through which coal gas fuel may be made practicable for motor vehicles. The conditions are, in the language of the common people, a bit thick, but not so thick that they are impossible—at any rate, they have to be made possible if coal gas fuel is to come to any considerable usage for motor vehicles. It is not the least bit of good for the A.A., or any other body offering an incentive to the inventor, to contemplate anything less. Full particulars from Fanum House, Whitcomb Street. Competition open until the end of the year.

***

The Prophets

THE number of inspired visionaries who foretold the war is in danger of being beaten by the number of equally inspired visionaries who foretold the inevitability of the farm tractor in agriculture. If the advice of the first lot of tipsters had been followed there would have been no war. If the advice of the second bunch had been followed, we'd be wallowing in grub to-day. I foretell that the result of a strict inquiry into the truth of these Old Mooreish claims will make it clear that most of the prophets are lying. If they are not lying, there is this to be said: any pudding-head could have made an equally good shot at a large number of equally obvious inevitabilities—and probably did.

MOTORISTS! Make "C.A.V." your Mascot and "All British" your motto. The leading British House for Everything Electrical in connection with Motoring.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.

If you are in doubt as to which car is actually supreme, remember that unmistakable evidence of supremacy is offered by the manner in which

SUNBEAM

cars have always behaved under difficulties and by the efficiency of

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES
ON WAR SERVICE.

Priority of delivery of the post-war Sunbeam will be secured by the receipt of your enquiry now.

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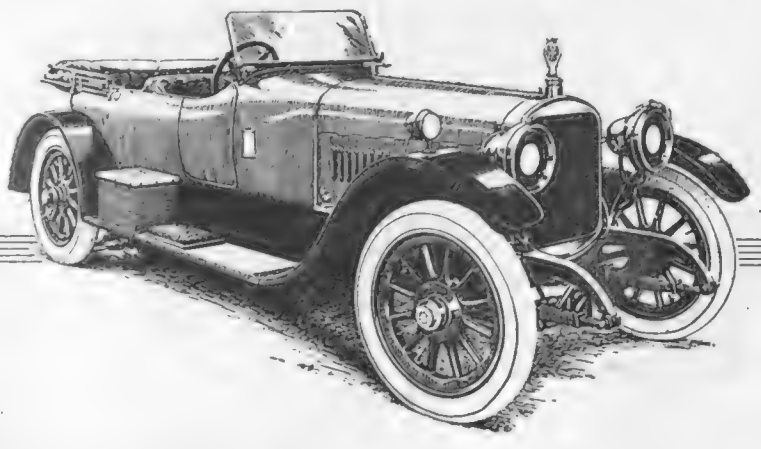
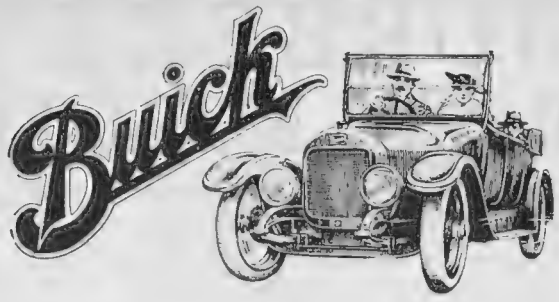
London and District Agents for Cars ... J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W. 1





The Buick conserves a greater amount of power than any other type of motor

THIS is because the Buick is built upon the Overhead Valve System—the method by which from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. more power is extracted from every gallon of petrol. You cannot buy a more economical car—power considered—than the Buick, and you cannot invest your money in any make which will render you more satisfactory and enduring service.

There's no obligation incurred by sending for particulars of the latest models and by putting your name on our list for the earliest post-war deliveries.

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When the Guns Cease to Roar—

—and when our manufacturing resources are no longer requisitioned by the Government, the Humber factories will resume the output of cars which will more than maintain the reputation of the past.

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY.

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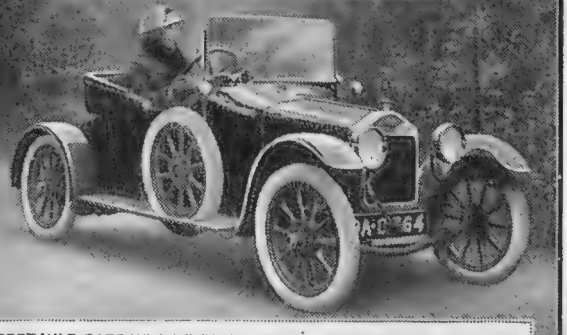

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THE HALL MARK for everything electrical in connection with MOTORING

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"Worth its wayte in Silver."

Writing of tobacco in 1680, Aubrey says:—

> "It was sold then for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say that when they went to market they called out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco"

Instead of five shillings, the charge for an ounce of tobacco in those days (as you will find if you weigh it), Bond of Union costs only a few pence, but it is impossible to set a price upon the delight that it gives. Blended from leaves of the choicest districts, cured by a special process which ensures a notable coolness, Bond of Union is rightly preferred by many to far more costly mixtures.

COPE'S
Bond of Union
TOBACCO

Mild, 11D. oz.; Medium & Full, 10½D. oz.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers at the Front, specially packed, at 4/2 per lb., duty free. **Minimum order ½lb.** *Postage (extra) 1/- for ½lb. up to 1½lb. and 1/4 up to 4lb. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.*

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U. S. A. NAVAL KIT

BURBERRYS supply correct and well-tailored Uniforms, Weatherproofs, and every detail of U.S.A. Naval dress and equipment, at reasonable prices.

BURBERRY KIT, made in special Burberry-woven and proofed cloths, in textures suitable for all climates, provides an effective safeguard against wet or chill without rubber or other airtight agents, and, whilst lightweight, is the strongest and most comfortable equipment available for withstanding the rough conditions of Active Service.

Officers' Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days

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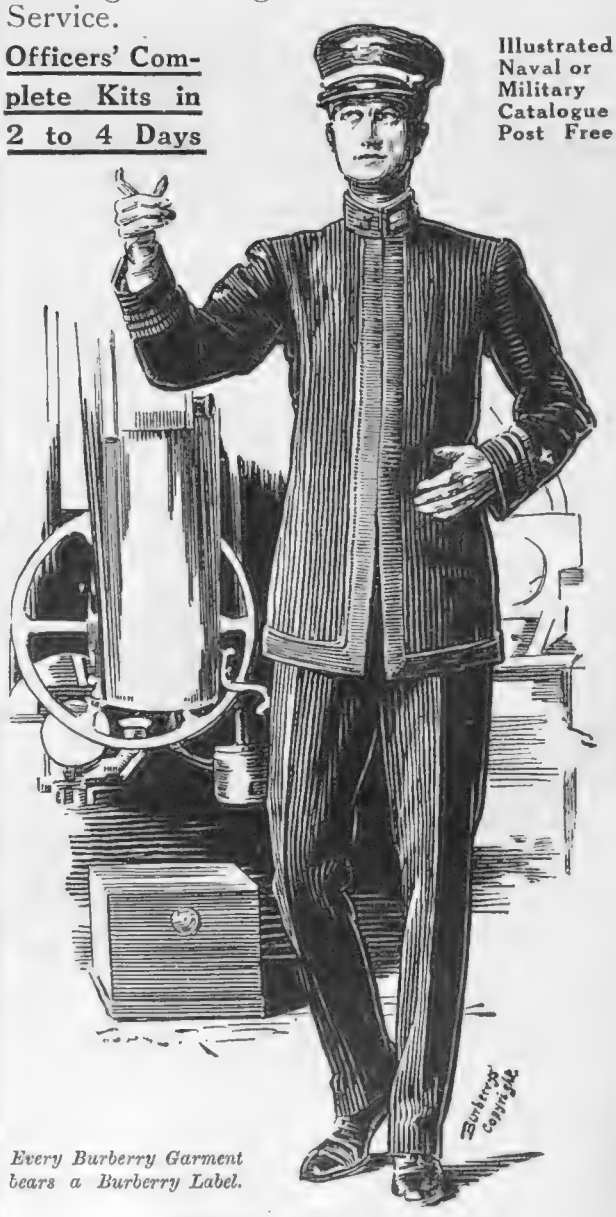

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Naval Uniforms

Cut and tailored by experts in Burberry-proof materials, which efficiently resist hard wear and weather.

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8 & 10 Boulevard Malesherbes PARIS
also Agents throughout the World

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Now that the warm weather has been really with us those who have the time and inclination have once again been enjoying the Park, round and about Stanhope Gate, at the most felicitous of all times, in the cool of the late afternoon. It is an experience that is above all others illuminating as to what war-time dressing actually comprises; and it will be a poor, cavilling spirit indeed that cannot rejoice at the extraordinarily attractive spectacle of such "mufti" dressing as is there to be seen. At the risk of being accused of twanging the same string to weariness, a further word of praise must be accorded the season's fascinating frocks of voile.

These are no longer to be seen in single spies, but whole battalions; and one and all call for mention in modistic despatches. Some are so bewitching as almost to leave one poverty stricken in adjectives.

At Liberty's You Take Your Choice

PROMINENT among those who are running voiles comes the house of Liberty. Among the specialities to be found here is a range of the prettiest small chintz floral designs, together with others that are closely covered with a small square spot in colour on a white ground, intersected with pin specks of black. Both fashion the daintiest summer frocks, as Liberty's themselves disclose in ready-to-wear models which are arranged in three sizes. A case in point has a skirt, just slightly eased at the waist, and a simple little blouse bodice mounted on to a yoke band, the fronts thrown open with a collar in white or a self shade, the edges ornamented with an embroidery stitch. A small flat vest also of this contrast is carried to the waist, and there are cuffs to complete the story that is in the highest degree persuasive, and only costs 45*s*. A positive piece of patriotism.

TEA-GOWN IN SILVER AND BLACK
At Shoolbred's

Just Absolutely the Right Note in Teagowns

THAT the teagown has of late come into a great deal more than can legitimately be called its own is well recognised. Those connected with evening dress are not too well pleased, since the teagown success is inclined to hit into their particular line. Naturally, foremost among those who are making much of the opportunity is Shoolbred. The presiding powers of the ladies' outfitting department are providing every conceivable expression of the teagown, at its very latest and most artistic, offered moreover at prices that are as moderate as is compatible with good materials and workmanship.

Very essentially of the moment is the example illustrated, which is carried out in silver grey and black. For the slightly trained underdress there is used a soft silk of china *genre*, the short waist picture corsage caught across with chains of black cut jet beads, georgette fashioning the elegant coatee, trimmed gold embroidered black net. A distinctive feature is the extremely deep sleeve ruffle, an adjunct that is to be seen about a good deal not only in teagowns and the like, but also in connection with the more dressy day frocks. As shown in the model, it unquestionably adds to the picturesqueness of the general effect.

Among other charming

(Continued on page 394)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

gowns to be seen here is one of ninon which is again especially seductive in a mist grey, mounted throughout on soft satin, the upper part displaying a little bolero movement at the back, from beneath which a deep draped sash of orchidée mauve velvet emerges, a posy of Neapolitan violets and pale pink roses being tucked into the folds. Of Eastern loveliness is a long, clinging gown of the deep shade of jade green *crêpe de Chine*, the fullness just lightly held to the figure by a sash of the same, that closes in front with a great amber cable buckle. At the very accessible price of £5 19s. 6d. Shoolbred is offering a selection of the daintiest rest tea-gowns, many whereof are of Georgette, a dainty example boasting a fichu of filmy lace that is continued below the waist in the form of a panel.

The Intrigue of the Little Black Satin Frock

THERE is positively no resisting the lure of this possession, which even in its simplest guise of straight skirt, almost flat bodice, and demure picot-edged collar of white, flesh, or champagne-coloured georgette, holds something that is

A LITTLE BLACK SATIN FROCK
With fichu collar of embroidered muslin

absolutely in tune with the taste of the moment. One small novelty, however, to be quickly recorded, is a flat loose back that after just covering the waist line is looped under, a sash or band usually passing through the loop and finishing in front.

As to the swinging panel, that is a veritable obsession; it can do no wrong, back, front or sides, the most recent development, perhaps, being the apron. I have in mind as I write a smart gown, with the back-to-front effect that is so amusing. It has a white georgette bodice, the back looped under, and in front developing into a full apron, mounted on a yoke lightly embroidered in a scroll design with small black jet beads. And the same *broderie* is introduced at the base of the looped-up back, while for the rest of the gown there is used black charmeuse. This is immensely typical of what is being worn. As is also our original sketch, a suggestion that would carry out equally well in soft satin or *crêpe de Chine*, the fichu collar of natural-coloured embroidered muslin being easily removed for laundering purposes. The palest flesh-coloured georgette

(Continued on page 396)

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London

Rowland's Odonto

Thoroughly Cleanses the **Teeth** from all **Impurities**, **Whitens** and Preserves them. **Eradicates** the **Formation** of **Tartar.** Prevents and Arrests **Decay**, and gives a **Pleasing Fragrance** to the **Breath. Contains Nothing Gritty or Acid.** 2/9 per box. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and **ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.**

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DAINTY SUMMER SHOES

E.B. 1030.

55/-

Black Suede, Glacé Kid, Navy or Bronze Kid. Louis XV. Heel.

Odd Shoes Sent on Approval.

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Black Suede, also in Patent Leather. On the New Short Last. Louis XV. Heel. Hosiery from 2/11

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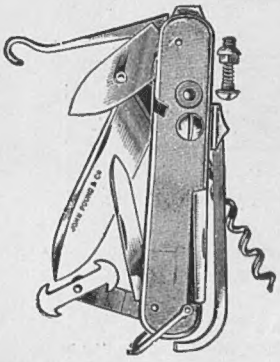
SOLID GOLD LOCKET,
with raised REGIMENTAL CREST, **35/6**

John Pound & Co.

LADY'S UMBRELLA
Best Silk, inlaid SILVER and TORTOISE-SHELL handle, ANY REGIMENTAL CREST or MONOGRAM ... **45/6**
SOLID GOLD ... **95/6**

Specially LIGHT WEIGHT



BEST SHEFFIELD STEEL CAMPAIGN KNIVES, 15/6, 21/- 27/6
As illustration, **39/6**
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LADY'S BROWN SMOOTH HIDE WEEK-END or EMPTY **DRESSING CASE,** drawn MOIRETTE Pockets to carry **OWN FITTINGS.**

16 x 12½ x 6	18 x 13 x 6	20 x 13½ x 6	22 x 14 x 6
77/6	**85/-**	**92/6**	**100/-**

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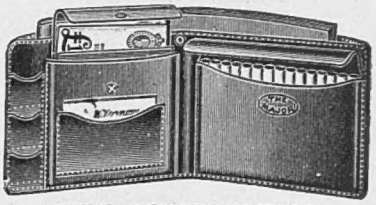
177-178, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W. 1. 67, PICCADILLY, W. 1.
81-84, Leadenhall St., London, E.C. 3.



NEW COMBINATION CIGARETTE & NOTE CASE
Loose Fold for Treasury Notes, Pockets for Cheque Book, Cards and Stamps.
PIGSKIN or CALF **27/6**
FINE SEAL **38/6**
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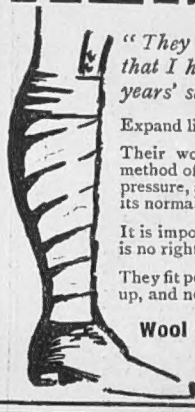
Stamping NAME & REGIMENT, **3/6**

KLIS FLEXIBLE PUTTEES



"They are the most comfortable puttees to wear that I have ever come across during over 32 years' service."—H. B. Vaughan (Bt. Colonel).

Expand like elastic, yet there is no rubber in them.

Their wonderful elasticity is entirely due to a special method of weaving, which enables the cloth to expand on pressure, and, immediately it is removed, to spring back to its normal proportions.

It is impossible to put Klis Puttees on wrongly, as there is no right or left, and no twists to make.

They fit perfectly, whether bound from knee down or ankle up, and never restrict either the muscles or blood vessels.

Wool only. Price 10/6. Khaki or Navy Blue.

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JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
Oriental Tooth Paste

Tubes 1/- Pots 1/6-2/6

A New Lease of Life

GIVE that old suit—that last year's coat—those trousers of the year before—a new lease of life. Send them to Achille Serre. When you see how smart and clean and fresh they look on their return—when you see how little they cost—you will be agreeably surprised.

It is patriotic to save the labour and the money that new clothes mean—it is the best of economies to have old clothes cleaned to look as good as new by Achille Serre.

Write for Illustrated Booklet, which gives Prices, List of Branches and Particulars of our Services.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London, E. 9
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F 32.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

is requisitioned for the tiny inner vest, a much favoured adjunct just now, for which press studs are provided, so that it can, if required, be removed from gown to gown. Nattier blue moire ribbon makes the waist belt and wrist bracelets, this ribbon again occurring in the soft quasi-béret of soft black satin.

The Egyptian Gaudourah

PARIS has gone a little mad over the Gaudourah, which is just the simplest slip-on garment imaginable, cut in one with sleeves that appear to be as much part of the skirt as the upper part. Striped materials are definitely assigned to its service, and failing the correct silk striped gauze material, it is quite possible to make good with some of the modern flowered and striped materials, such as *toile de soie*, metal brocade, and the like. Personally—although, of course, this may merely be insular prejudice—the Gaudourah strikes me as more suitable to house wear—of the rest-gown order—than for outdoor service, although Paris is offering it up in the *galère* of summer frocks.

Distinctly Japanese is the large flat severe bow, worn at an oblique angle at one side. In striped ribbon on a self-coloured gown this is a *ceinture* to be noted down. Also the narrow moire ribbon which is worn twisted twice and even three times, round the figure at regular intervals, the ends tying in long loops at one side. The girl clever at adept touches has taken this narrow ribbon girdle very much to her heart.

A "DECCA" GRAMOPHONE
Which has seen two years' active service in France

A Well-Meant Effort

That enthusiasm often outruns education is obvious from the notice sent us by a valued correspondent from Salonica. When the Allies occupied this base of operations, our men were amused to see, hung up above some of the shops, the following notice:

WELL -- COME
ENQLICH -- TROPS.

The "Decca"

This is now known the world over as the favourite gramophone with the troops. Our illustration shows one which has seen active service for more than two years, and bears upon it its "battle honours." It can still play a very lively tune! The "Decca" has become more of a necessity than a luxury at the front; and no gift is more welcome.

The Importance of Paper

Readers who come across instances of waste of paper should communicate by letter with the Paper Controller, 23, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

Real Silk is Economical

Vigil
The New Silk

THERE is one way by which you may be certain of getting Silk Satisfaction—that is by asking distinctly for the new "Vigil" Silk. "Vigil" Silk is pure silk—not a mixture of silk and cotton as most silks (so called) are nowadays. "Vigil" Silk has been tested and tried for over four years before being placed upon the market. "Vigil" Silk will please you better and last you longer than any Silk you have ever bought before. Because—"Vigil" Silk is British-made, with all the thoroughness and sincerity that have made British goods famous the world over.

"Vigil" Silk is made in a wide range of pleasant stripes and designs. These stripes and designs are absolutely guaranteed to be fast and fadeless—special machinery having been laid down for the purpose, and remarkably successful results recorded after the most exhaustive tests.

DOUBLE WIDTH.—In plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, etc., for Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear—for Blouses, Dresses and Nurses' Cloaks. Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc. Look for the word "VIGIL" on the selvedge.

"VIGIL" BLOUSES.—Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of "VIGIL" Silk.

Ask your Draper to show you styles